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MISCHIEF

OF THE MUSES.

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MISCHIEF

OF THE MUSES.

"Clever work, sir!—would *get up* prodigiously well,—
Its only defect is—it never would sell!"

TWOPENNY POST BAG.

"When poets say, 'I've written fifty rhymes,'
They make you dread that they'll recite them too."

DON JUAN.

LONDON:

DAVID BOGUE, 86 FLEET STREET.

MDCCCXLVII.

LONDON:

DAVID BOGUE, PRINTER, FLEET STREET.

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ON AUTUMN.

And summer then is gone—and thou art here,
Thou sure foreteller of a winter near.
October, thou art come! thy fading leaf
In sooth it speaks in sadness, not in grief;
And more I love it than the rich bouquet,
And livery green, and bright of summer gay:
For were it not that other thoughts will steal
And mingle them with those we fain would feel—
Did not thy features show what follows thee,
We all with passing joy should Autumn see.
Thy foliage green and gilded I have seen,
As beautiful as when t' was only green;
But, ah! how treacherous is that golden streak,
Like hectic beauty on a wasted cheek—

Too sure a sign t'will speedily decay,
And quit the barren bough and fall away.
Delicious breeze! how freely does it fly,
Leaving around a blue, unbroken sky,
So sharp, refreshing, cold, and clear, but mild.
It brings no heat along, nor tempest wild,
But frost is in it. Ah! I go, and then,
Thou well mayst say, stern winter comes again.
The month, where summer's latest lingerings die,
And winter's harbinger of beauty I.

And summer fruits are gone, and flow'rets fair!
And half the forest's massy boughs are bare;
The fields are cleared, and not a shock remains
To tell of summer on the gathered plains.
The swallow, latest of the late that staid,
But yesterday his parting frolic made,
Along the brook in which he dipped his wing
At the glad burst of nature into spring—
And fickle now, to day perchance is gone,
Leaving us here to winter it alone.
Ah bird! thou innocently play'st the part
Of man's deceitful, dark, and changeful heart,
Who seems a friend if fickle fortune smile,
And is your fortune's friend, not yours the while.

And summer skies are gone, but clear and bright
October's sky, tho' sooner hid by night—
And tho' stern winter must usurp the reign
Ere summer skies can visit us again,
Yet all is fair and glad, as handing down
The smile of summer on to winter's frown—
And cheering us with prospects of the past,
For what we know must surely come at last.
Like to the mellow Autumn of a life,
With youth's hot folly, and adventure rife,
When calmly looking thro' the vale of years
He views his course alike with smiles and fears—
(Smiles that the happy retrospect have won,
And tears to find how soon his youth is gone)—
The mortal, gliding swiftly down the tide
Of time, may glance with pleasurable pride
Back to his youth, nor end his lengthened days
Unblessed by pity, nor unknown to praise.

SUNSET.

When the red sun from Heaven declines,
And o'er the west extends his ray,
The mellower light with which he shines
Has lost the fervent heat of day.

T' was glorious in his noontide glow,
But this to enjoy is to endure;
And sweet the cooling breezes blow,
And sweet the birds their vespers pour.

Nature o'ercome sinks gladly down—
And as his last beams tinge the tide,
His parting lustre seems to crown
The splendours of his morning pride.

Thus love's wild passion, to its end,
By turns will sink, by turns will rise,
Yet will its calmer moments lend
A charm to every lover's eyes!

And only when the sun has set,
And love has ta'en his short-lived flight,
It brings a feeling of regret—
To-morrow may not shine so bright.

TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.

The honest soul, unfledged and young,
Delights, in joyous confidence,
To think the world's false heart and tongue
Teem with its own exalted sense;
And nobly aids that cause alone,
Which virtue unabashed can own.

Yet, ah! the world, severe and cold,
Had he foreknown, he would have sought
Himself within himself t'enfold,
Nor share with busy worldlings aught;
On all things the enthusiast
With stoicism looks at last.

Truth's *clearest rays* not oft impart
Warmth to their object; happy they
Whose sweet simplicity of heart
For prudence faded not away!
Join with discretion feeling, then
Your's is the happiest lot of men.

TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.

The voice of Spring has called you forth,
Sweet flowers, that 'mid the verdure smile,
By nature scattered o'er the earth,
To joy and gladness to beguile.
Yet tho' she loves you, loves you best,
And you appear so gaily drest
With every bright and varied hue,
Still you may droop, and still complain
That without souls you must remain,
And dark within tho' fair to view.

And birds can one another love.
Their songs of love you hear them sing,
And insects too that gaily move
And round you sport on amorous wing,
Did not Dione's daughter fair
A garland of your cups prepare,

Which should love's pillow worthiest prove?
Sweet ones yet mourn—she has not given
To you the noblest gift of heaven—
To you it is not given to love!

But from Nannette, and her sweet eyes,
(Such is her mother's harsh decree,)
Should I be banished, I shall prize
The flowers that tender speak for me.
Language and life you shall express,
And all a soul can e'er possess—
Passion invests you with my own—
And in your consecrated leaves
Cupid's divinity receives,
Wherever Cupid's kingdom spreads, a throne.

TO ——— ———.

Why when we met could I not part,
Like some, perchance, unhurt at heart,
And with a *smile*, and not a *sigh*,
All heedless bid thy charms good bye?
Then had I seen and felt alone
The admiration *all* must own;
Then had I nought left to recover,
Those happy, fleeting moments over;
Or if your heart, that treacherous prize,
Had but the softness of your eyes,
Or if your lips' deceitful play
Meant only what *they seem* to say,
And all *I thought* I might believe,
Then were no need that I should grieve.

But, ah! the light that thro' the gloom
Lures on the traveller to the tomb,
Is but an emblem, and too true,
Of one more dangerous light—of you.
To follow, be it near or far,
The vision of a heavenly star;
To feel that all of hope is there,
When it departs to be despair;
And gaze with rapture as it throws
A gleam o'er darkness and o'er woes,
Till painful watch and wandering past,
To find the meteor *flies* at last—
This has been mine! and though no more
Hope reassures me as before,
Yet still the spell first o'er me thrown
Seems stronger fascination grown.
Tho' Truth is known, be what it will,
Delusion's charms are charming still;
And thus a slave, though strange it be,
I would not, if I could, be free.

ON SEEING THE FIRST SWALLOW.

I WALKED upon a bank, where fresh and green
The young grass sparkled in the dew
Of morning tide; the violet there was seen
Peering, unconscious that its tiny blue
And fragrant head was aught indeed but mean;
The primrose spreads its leaf upon the stem,
And by the side of this so sweet a bed
Ran swift the bubbling rill, and dashed on them
Often its pearly drops, and thus I said—
This speaks of Spring, but yet Spring is not *this*
Alone; something there is I do not see,
Or think, or hear. The lake receives the kiss
Of the sun's radiant beam, the toiling bee
Roves o'er this bank of beauty, the soft wind
Fans the chilled earth, and waves with gentle breath
The young green leaves, and still, as if to bind
My fancy down, the lark proclaims the death
Of Winter—but this comprehends not Spring.

Suddenly shot before my startled eye
A buoyant thing, almost of air, with wing
Of ecstacy. It passed, and thus said I—
Ah! swallow, always loved, now doubly dear,
Thou hast removed the painful thought from me
That aught was wanting; nature wanted thee,
And I, and all, to say that Spring was here.

THE PASSING THOUGHT.

My pulse is swift, my hand is strong,
My heart and hopes are high;
None seem so gay to glide along
Life's flowery path as I:
None have in meditation sad and lone
Cast fewer glances on the moments gone.—
Yet sadness, too, I sometimes feel,
And sometimes thoughts upon me steal
That o'er the auburn head
Old Time shall wave his silver wings,
And Winter's days shall follow Spring's,
And I must soon be dead.
As I of others, they will say of me,
"And is he dead? e'en so our end must be.

THE PAGES OF LIFE.

The leaves of a book and of life are the same;
The first one has only a *date* and a *name;*
Then follows the *preface*—'t is passed with a glance,
For people are always in haste to advance;
And after each *chapter*, each *canto*, each *scene*,
With pleasure or pain, as it haps to have been,
Each *action* or *sentiment*, many or few,
Each *character*, *passion*, by turns is gone thro';
The life and the volume, these passages past,
Are both to a *finis* conducted at last.

ON MILES, A COUNTRY COACHMAN.

'T is Miles that drives the very slowest coach
That ever was a country town's reproach,
And, it must strike all persons who, like me,
Delight to see a name and trade agree,
His is the most appropriate of styles,
For when he drives the road *seems Miles and Miles.*

MARRIAGE A LA MODE ANTIQUE.

" —— A frugal swain,
Whose constant care was to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home."

DOUGLAS.

WHEN Abraham had lived almost too long,
When by his righteous deeds, if none were wrong,
He had grown vastly rich, and lent his name
Security of patriarchal fame;
And had become a widower, and in short
Determined on it, and relinquished Port,
Soon after Sarah's death, whose loss was more
Than he had gained in all his life before,
(How soon a wedding-ring Keturah wore;)
When moping was his pastime, and his cares
Were given up to settling his affairs;
It struck him, wanting something to recruit him,
The character of grandpapa would suit him—
His son must marry, but he did not choose
To any body but among the Jews,

Just as all fathers say—so that 's no news.
But Canaanite connexions were so bad,
Really no fitting match was to be had.
Thus reasoned he, but never told his son;
That was no use until the thing was done.
So with the pros and cons determined well
In his own mind, he rose and rang the bell.
His servant came, in fact he was his steward,
Who knew the tenants in their rents to screw hard,
And who, from managing his master's pelf,
Had now begun to manage him himself.
To him then Abraham opened all his plans,
And to poor Isaac's ear preferred his man's.
According to a custom now gone by,
He made him put his hand upon his thigh,
And swear he would set out to seek and find
A wife to his, if not to Isaac's mind.
His real name is not of import vital,
He took O'Grady for his travelling title.
This seems, tho' neither I would fain disparage,
Much to resemble the Montpensier marriage—
Quickly and quietly devised and done,
Before the world knew what was going on;
The only difference that I can descry

Between the schemes is this one, by the bye,
That Abraham gave a carte blanche to O'Grady,
While the French patriarch picked out the lady.
Suppose with the least possible delay
Our envoy is despatched and on his way.
A retinue he takes his master's rank
To suit, and his procession flankies flank
A string of camels about half a score,
Which were worth something with their furniture.
And all that taste and fashion to display meant,
Overland trunks and many a change of raiment.
Need we detail his journeyings thro' the sand,
Or all the toilings of that little band?
What were all minor troubles when in view
An end so coveted and likely too!
Suffice to say they reached the country side
From which they came to carry off the pride—
The maid that orange flowers shall soon have decked,
Tho' the unknown, not less the bride elect.
It was at evening, when the setting sun
Retires, as from a quarrel lately done,
Cooler and leaving you to cool—his last
And kindliest look along the plains he cast,
When like a speck beneath the ethereal vault
A town appeared. O'Grady called a halt.

A well was at the outskirts of the town,
And here he made the camels to kneel known,
Because he knew the city girls at e'en,
A gay and giggling throng, might here be seen,
Coming the sweets from out its depths to draw;
And if 't is now a fashionable spa,
And like some other wells has note and name,
No doubt they in a *morning* do the same.
Thinking how with his mission it would fare,
How to make his advances, when and where,
He came to this resolve, one rather witty,
To accost the first approaching from the city—
That is, providing she was young and pretty.
Could Isaac now before this salutation
Have praised, or hinted his disapprobation,
One would have thought it fair, at least I know
I should, that he 'd the chance of doing so,
And had I been O'Grady, should have worse
Liked to choose any man a wife than horse.
Nothing however daunted, he surveyed
With all his eyes the first and foremost maid,
Who, lucky girl! came on to fill her pitcher,
Without a thought of how it would enrich her,
And most unconsciously was trotted out.
She was indeed a pretty thing no doubt,

Bright and black eyes and curls, and rosy lips.
Pale cheeks—but what a figure as she trips!
Further minute description we forego;
She was Rebecca—not in Ivanhoe,
But just exactly like her, quite the same
In age, appearance, country, and in name.
She came to fill her pitcher, as I said,
Which first of all to conversation led;
Most probably when offering his assistance,
And not being told at first to keep his distance.
O'Grady hinted he was thirsty too,
And asked to drink, expecting "pray, sir, do!"—
This answer she, as down her pitcher glides,
Gently accords, and adds to it besides
Her wish to see the weary camels drink,
For there they knelt impatient at the brink.
Thus in the earliest ages complaisance
Was studied, as in England and in France—
And here we see, out of a great variety,
An instance of its blessings in society.
"She stooped to conquer" when above the brim
Of the dark desert well she leant for him;
And his success old Cæsar's thought supplied,
With "*veni, vidi, vici*," cut and dried.

So charming was her ready acquiescence,
O'Grady instantly produced his presents,
Which, as the custom of the East enjoined,
Were ne'er on such occasions left behind—
Bracelets and ear-rings (such as you 'll survey
Not e'en at Hunt and Roskell's every day),
A pair of each before her eyes he placed,
Of value great, and in the newest taste;
These charmed her quite as much, for tho' we boast
"Beauty when unadorned adorned the most,"
Yet ladies never think so all the while,
And so Rebecca took them with a smile.
The ice thus broken, soon as they 're upon it
The following dialogue took place—pray con it:

R. "Have you come far?"

O'G. "I have, and must go back
Before the sand has lost my camel's track."

R. "O then, you 've got despatches, I suppose,
Or are an embassy from friends or foes?"

O'G. "Faith! yes, I'm on an embassy from Cupid"—

R. "Who's he?"

O'G. "Not know? you cannot be so stupid!"

R. "I do n't; such knowledge none to me imparts.
Is he a king?"

O'G. "Yes, he's the King of Hearts."

R. "I'm not enquiring what 's your business here
But who is it you're wanting ?"

O'G. "You, my dear:
That is, I was to make out here the belle,
And you're the lady, as your glass must tell;
The *well* would say so—truth lies in a well—
No, don't look at the well, but look at me.
I know a nice young man"—

R. "And, let me see,
I know two dozen at the very least,
And danced with half of them at our last feast.

O'G. "Perhaps, then—ah! perhaps one happier swain
Loves you, and is by you beloved again"—

R. "Such stuff! they're not in love because they chat;
They think too much about themselves for that."

O'G. "Then only hear; he whom your servant mentions
Has none but the most honourable intentions;
He 's quite prepared to be in love—is young,
Handsome, and active, and his purse is long;
The girls at home are too provincial—rather,
He cannot please himself, nor yet his father;

And so, with all this cavalcade I 'm come
To choose him here a bride, and bring her home.
Now might I venture to persuade"—

R. "O la!
Do n't pray—not me—you 'd better ask papa."

O'G. "Why so I would, but do n't know where to find him."

R. "O well, but for the present never mind him.
You must all need refreshment, so come in;
Our house is near—yes, nearer than the inn."

O'G. "Thank you: but tell me who does me such honour;
The blessing of a hungry man be on her!"

Rebecca told her father's name, her own,
And where they lived, and so they gained the town.

The hospitality of modern times,
I fear, is as degenerate as its rhymes;
Strangers were sure (and more so in the East)
Of entertainment both for man and beast;
And everywhere were *taken in*, they say—
So they are *now*, but in a different way.
The household which O'Grady's introduced to,
These good old customs had of course been used to,

And his reception there was (so to speak)
As if he 'd been expected for a week;
Rather more marked, perhaps, that the young lady
Had told them what his errand was already.
The father motioned him his easy chair,
You 'd designate it with a courtier's air;
The mother, turbaned, frilled, and furbelowed,
In all humility of stiffness bowed;
The son led first the camels to the stall,
Then helped him to remove his travelling shawl;
And all, with arguments he could not blink,
Pressed him in kindest terms to eat and drink.
But this he steadily refused to do,
Till he had told them all his story through;
Which he soon did—though not just word for word
To the same purport as Rebecca heard—
Demanding the surrender in due form
Of the fair fortress he had ta'en by storm.
They scarce knew what to say, but on reflection,
As they could find no fault with the connection,
They thought it best, and so perhaps it was,
With a good offer, not to let it pass.
And therefore wishing they were more acquainted,
They made him understand that they consented.

The matter thus concluded to his mind,
L'Envoy remembered that he had not dined,
And made a famous meal just what you please on—
Say all the delicacies of the season.
Then feeling rather tired, and intending
His way betimes to-morrow to be wending,
He took his candle, and with most polite
Expressions wished the family good night.
Now what an hour had wrought, judge ye who read,
And whether 't was not magical indeed!
The change surpassed (that well since he drew near)
The quick reverses known to the Corsair.
One hour beheld him since that point he gained
Admiring, questioning, and all explained—
His small talk turned to words of import deep,
Proposing, and accepted, and asleep!
Rebecca slept but little, and she dreamed,
If sleep she did, of all so strange that seemed.
That very morn how little did she think
She trembled upon matrimony's brink,
And yet that sun lit with its evening rays
"The hindermost of all her maiden days."*

* Little ken'd Girzy Sinclair,
That morning whan she raise,
That this wad be the hindermost
O' a' her maiden days.
OLD SCOTCH BALLAD

She early rose, or so we may assume,
And, on descending to the breakfast room,
She found O'Grady and her sire intent
Not on the breakfast, but on argument—
The former wished at once to take his way
With bag and *baggage*, if we so may say;
But this Papa by no means would agree to,
And put upon it his decided veto.
His daughter must not, he declared, be starting
Off in this way, to increase the pain of parting.
Ten days would furnish but a short reprieve;
There were adieus to make, and cards to leave.
"If," said he, "with the feelings of a man
You will this change of circumstances scan,
Or with a father's feelings if you can,
You must allow the force of what I say,
Nor wish to snatch my girl so soon away.
I 'm old, and could not bear at once to loose her,
Merely because you were in haste to choose her.
And then her mother will require, you know,
Some little time to order the trousseau.
But why my selfishness should I parade?
She comes—and here let all dispute be stayed.
Ask her, and if she likes to go this hour,
I 'll exercise no arbitrary power:

But filial love, whose voice she'll ne'er disdain,
Will urge her for a period to remain—
Nor without ceremony to be carried;
She 's in no haste, I 'm certain, to get married."
Rebecca, entering, heard the question stated,
And said, so far from being the least elated,
She could not bear the thought of leaving home,
And almost wished the time might never come.
"But," she continued, if it must be so—
If, as he says, the gentleman must go,
I'd better let him take me, I am sure,
His valuable escort to secure.
Besides, I know the longer I delay
The more I shall increase my wish to stay,
And therefore, wretched as I am about it,
I'll go—but that 's the reason, never doubt it."
This was conclusive, and dispatch was wronged
In nothing save in taking leave prolonged—
With bustle, laughter, tears, and all that same,
The cavalcade set forth the way it came;
And the bride blessed and pressed was watched
away,
By a whole household miserably gay.
Rebecca in the parting scene so brief
Felt more perplexity than joy or grief.

And of her mother's last advice heard none,
"To keep her dear complexion from the sun."
Again the desert 's traversed—once again
The look of life o'erspreads the sandy plain.
The drivers hasten on as steamers plough,
'T is victory not hope that cheers them now,
(Except the hope—not distant—of reward;)
Nought can their spirits check, nor pace retard.
The cattle too, that far and fast had gone,
Partook the inclination to press on—
And the state camel that Rebecca rode
Seemed to take pleasure in his lovely load.

* * * *

Again the evening's rays their glories lend,
And smile in peace upon their journey's end—
And the expectant bride some twitterings feels
In the new prospect that her fate reveals.
Her maiden tremors every step increased
Which brought her near and nearer to the priest,
And everything was viewed with some relation
To the grand object of her contemplation.
At length approaching them a figure seen—
A young man of good looks but thoughtful mien,
So that he realized to the beholders
The notion of an old head on young shoulders;

And this was Isaac, by kind chances brought,
Or by a father's hint more kindly taught,
To meet his stranger bride, and in his arms
Be foremost to receive her new found charms.
Was it presentiment? it must have been,
Which led Rebecca, soon as he was seen,
To ask, not boldly, but with interest plain,
Whom t' was she saw—nor did she ask in vain.
And when presentiment she found fulfilled,
When she was told, oh! how her bosom thrilled.
Immediately her camel she forsook;
And, fearful still besides of every look,
She hid her blushes underneath her veil—
A female artifice ne'er known to fail,
And hence the veil, which all confusion hides,
Is classed among the insignia of brides.
Here let an equal modesty be shown,
And let a veil be o'er our story thrown,
Particularly as no more is known.
How the first interview was well got over,
If Isaac proved at once a welcome lover,
We can't describe, nor other details very many,
Who did, or who did not perform the ceremony.
We only know the wedding *did* take place,
And there no doubt were bridesmaids, cake, and lace;

And what was better, as you must confess,
Their union was replete with happiness.
I only pause to wish the young and fair
Happy as Isaac and Rebecca were,
And must conclude by saying, tho' I thought
The match to have been more *made up* than it ought,
Yet when the affair's reviewed as I review it
The question certainly has two sides to it.
Age has experience—and I must acknowledge
That e'en by girls *come out*, and *men at* college,
(Tho' moderns 'gainst the rule may have revolted,)
Fathers have every right to be consulted.

WRITTEN (BY REQUEST) ON SHERWOOD FOREST.

In days of old, when famous Robin Hood
Went with his merry men thro' gay Sherwood,
Astonishingly well their bows they drew,
And scores of harts, and scores of hinds they slew;
But Sherwood's archers now are dressed, I ween,
In *frocks*, and not *frock coats* of Lincoln green,
And shoot, but only at a different game,
With a far sharper, and a surer aim.
In other words, the archers differ thus—
They shot the *deer*, and now the *dears* shoot us.

ON SOME FADED FLOWERS.

Dear, sad memorial! and in decay
Emblem of past delight! thy fragrance o'er,
Thou 'rt yet a talisman to half restore
The hour that made thee mine: for, so to say,
My heart, with all the love that eyes convey,
Received eternal pledge, the bloom you wore.
And gazing on thee, as a sacred shrine,
Like lightning from the darkest cloud, her glance
Of fervent joy and heavenly radiance
Seems for a moment interchanged with mine.
Such is thy secret, sympathetic sway—
And when the fond illusion melts away,
Thy withered leaves seem more a relic grown,
And like some loved departed spirit's clay
Which contemplation sees, nor sees alone,
But with sad comfort, lingering ere 't is flown!

SEPARATION.

Absent in body, but in spirit near
To all my soul must hold as only dear,
I still shall one day clasp thee to my breast
With every pang of hope and fear at rest.
And oh! how sweet when all these trials o'er,
And we need tremble, sigh, and wish no more,
To find the prize for which we waited given,
And in one glorious moment seize on heaven.
Till then, as much as then, I 'll call thee mine;
What time may seem to sever, time shall join.
Till then I 'm yours—nor deem that I forget:
We never parted—for I see thee yet!

A SUMMER'S MORNING.

The grey dawn mixes with the hues of night;
Quiet and cold and unperceived at first,
It rises—and the dappled clouds begin
To brighten towards the East—the swallow tribe
Wheel silently above, and all is still!
How sober, and how grand the landscape now!
View those large trees, which scarce a vanished age
Hath marked as old, like giant sentinels
That guard the soil: behold the river glide
Noiseless and dark its ever winding way,
And those proud turrets where the holy moon
Flung late her radiance; every field and hill
Looks heavy in the distance, for the dew
Sparkles not yet in morning's brighter beam;

Clouds overhang and nature seems to be
Loath to commence her toil, and sleeps in light!
The birds awaken and the woods resound
With melody; the warbling thrush prolongs
His prelude soft—the blackbird's wilder note
Rejoices in a chorus loud and high;
The lark sweet carols, and the cuckoo trills
His solitary note along the glade.
But soon the rosy-fingered morn unbars
The portals of the East, and the sun comes
Thro' his bright harbingers of golden clouds!
He comes! and gives the flowers and foliage warmth,
And dries the moisture of the dew-clad grass,
Bidding all Nature glow beneath his ray.

* * * *

The fine and delicate texture of the sky,
The grandeur of repose, and magic grace
That lately overspread the waking world,
Fade rapidly, and when the sun is high,
And all is gone that was so fair to see,
Man rouses from his bed to toil and care!

TO A WAVE ROLLING ON THE BEACH.

Sea wave! whence art thou come, and wherefore here?
Thou com'st, indeed, but back again to roll;
To-morrow's light perchance may see thee rear
Thy crest where the mid ocean knows no shoal,
And heedless all thou leav'st us, and art gone
Far leagues away, unceasing rolling on.

Oft thou hast washed in sport our happy shore,
As playful in thy sunny smiles as now,
And back hast swept, with hoarse and angry roar,
In fury on the fated vessel's prow;
Or gaily kissed at eve her side whose wreck
That night shall see thee bursting o'er the deck.

Yea, when a hardy handful that may spring
Into the boat are rowing all alone,
Fell, fell pursuer, follow them and fling
Thy bosom over them, and they are gone!
While thou again with smiles their shores shall greet,
And lave their widows' and their daughters' feet.

And so thy fellow-element, the wind,
Scatters the simoom's devastating cloud,
And passing on doth fairy locks unbind,
Or wave the scarf of lover in a crowd—
Leaves land, becomes a sea-breeze, and again
Bears danger and destruction on to men.

Chanceful and changeful as this mortal life,
Who can divine thy origin or end?
How long in ripple, or in stormy strife,
Sweeping o'er leagues where'er thy course may tend,
Thou hast been minister of good or ill
To men, to nations, but a subject still!

WANTED A SEAT IN PARLIAMENT, 1839.

Had I a seat in Parliament,
My country in my care,
I never should be found content
To sit a cypher there.
No! for Reform with vote and voice
My utmost should be tried,
And ministers might well rejoice
To have me on their side.
For they 'd be stronger ten per cent.
Had I a seat in Parliament.

And first I 'd show my churchman's zeal,
"To turn Church lands to lay,"
Though how 't would answer for its weal
I can 't at present say.

It 's stood too long *in statu quo*
For anybody's viewing,
And whether it bear fruit or no,
The tree *must* want renewing.
And nothing else I ever meant—
Had I a seat in Parliament.

The Corn-laws I would abrogate,
The farmers are too rich;
Let all be equal, small and great,
That seems the general itch.
Or if this should not come to pass,
Still turn and turn about;
Patriots like me should have the brass,
And farmers go without,
And landlords whistle for their rent,
Had I a seat in Parliament.

The House of Peers about their ears
I 'd very quickly pull,
And laws observed in bygone years
By *one* law I 'd annul;
No law at all my daily prayer,
And eke my nightly dream;

Mankind would then be free as air,
The Whigs should be supreme,
And Tories to the devil sent,
Had I a seat in Parliament.

The poor who see all this begun
Feel trouble like a feather,
And patiently, until 't is done,
In *union* live together.
And when the skies roast mutton rain,
And streets are paved with gold,
Why *then* you may be justly vain
To me your votes you sold—
Or *say* your confidence you lent,
And I 'd a seat in Parliament.

THE HUMA.*

THERE is an Eastern bird, which seen
Over the peasant's head to fly,
Assures him, tho' years intervene,
A crown upon his brows shall lie.

And, tho' near death's dark door he be,
And pain, and grief, and shame endure,
That bird he o'er his head might see
For ever makes his prospects sure.

And I, tho' for a time despair,
Remorse, and anguish past controul,
And blighted hope, and grief and care,
Drive deep the iron in my soul—

* The Huma, a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground: it is looked upon as a bird of happy omen, and the belief is, that every head it overshades will in time wear a crown.—RICHARDSON.

'*T is for a time:* my ears have heard
A sound that ne'er shall fade away;
I 've heard a life-recalling word—
"I love thee," I have heard thee say.

So cruel fate can never send
His sharpest shaft, though all combine,
To you, O Fate! I ne'er shall bend,
Till you can say, "she is not thine."

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Can that be called a conquest which is won
Without an effort made, a siege begun?
Where force opposed to weakness finds it yield?
Is there a triumph in a bloodless field?
No more than you obtained, when I was free,
And in a moment lost my liberty.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Ye rash adventurers, beware!
If such an enterprize ye dare,
As here t'inscribe a single line,
Your fate shall be the same as mine!
For this is an enchanted ground,
In which, if once a wight is found,
A new Calypso, and deceiver,
Shall keep him as her slave for ever.

ODE TO MARY,

BY ONE OF THE OLDEST, AND NOT THE LEAST ARDENT, OF HER ADMIRERS.

I NEVER thought that I should fall
In love with any one at all;
Yet so it is, and I 'm thy thrall,
My Mary!

When first I saw my future bride,
She sate yon flowery bank beside,
And milked the Cow yclept "the Pied,"
My Mary!

And as I gazed I found there grew
Within my bosom feelings new;
I bore, and bear them still for you,
My Mary!

Nor these alone—I bear the jokes
Of cruel scandalizing folks,
Who laugh because I kiss and coax,
My Mary!

And my relations say that I
Am *mary*-ing when I should die;
And giving them real cause to cry,
My Mary!

Well, if they say so, never mind,
I shall be happy if I find
Content and constant, fair and kind,
My Mary!

But then, to what shall I compare ye?
(Women, like weather-glasses, vary);
Then sometimes you are quite contrary,
My Mary!

You look so cross and speak so loud,
You make me feel completely cowed,
And show yourself extremely proud,
My Mary!

You say I should be more a buck,
So that I only wish for luck,
My head *with horns* may not be stuck,
My Mary!

And still, though such may be the case,
Yet be the faults that I would chace
Forgot in such a lovely face,
My Mary!

Whatever you may do or say,
I still must feel as on the day
When first you stole my heart away,
My Mary!

Gazing on every rural charm,
Thy ruddy neck, thy hand and arm,
By early milking rendered warm,
My Mary!

The world's dread laugh I can despise,
And looking babbies in thine eyes,
Think love hit Solomon the wise,
My Mary!

Then let me cull before it fade
The flower that 's blooming in the shade,
My queen of curds! my dairy maid,
My Mary!

EPITAPH ON "CHARTIST,"

A HORSE WELL KNOWN WITH THE HOLDERNESS HOUNDS.

CHARTIST !* who failed but at the last, whose game
Showed strong in death, whose *vice* was but in *name,*
Who ne'er thy master's *confidence* abused,
Who always rose, and never once refused!
'T was thy death-note at Kelk† by Taylor‡ blown,
And the last whoop thou heard'st was but thine own!
Sleep on! thou 'st vanished, as thou oft hast done,
Before the *mêlee* in a brilliant run—
But of thy wonted fleetness what remains?
The hoof that spurned the fallows, *turf* detains!

* Chartist on his last day went through an hour's run, and left off perfectly fresh—but after returning home appeared distressed, and died of exhaustion, from no visible cause. On dissection, it was found he had sustained a rupture of the liver, and had bled to death.

† Kelk pastures, where the fox was found, and to which he returned after an hour's run, and where he was killed.

‡ The huntsman.

L' INSOUCIANTE.

She has no heart—at least for love!
But *soul* she has in plenty;
And tho' no man her breast can move,
She moves nineteen in twenty.

No melting moods I 've had with her,
But *melting moments* many;
And after all I must aver
That they're the best of any!

The wounds she gives, altho' severe,
Are playful, not past healing,
She 'd rather see you love than fear,
And more at ease than kneeling.

Lovely as lively she appears,
And radiant as of heaven,
But less of *saint* than *angel* wears—
Not much of *angel* even.

But she is all a man can wish,
And more than all one fancies
Of heroines, whether heathenish,
Or modern in romances.

All that is generous, kind, and good,
All that is soft and pleasing,
All that is witty, but not rude,
All that she knows is teasing!

And surely she besides must have,
To make this vast impression,
The magic girdle Venus gave
To Juno in possession!

Or whence the charm? her wandering eyes
Would make an anchorite wander;
Her cheek of loveliest eastern dyes
Would make the Grand Turk grander.

Her brow seems always shone upon,
Her smile like lightning plays;
And more than all, her form is one
Embodying every grace!

But such man's heart—e'en these combined
Could not for ever win it—
And we must leave the case we find,
With still a mystery in it.

And tho' this magic spell away,
We then might break our fetter,
For *that*, and for *my heart* I say,
If she *will* keep 'em—let her!

P.S.—Since writing the above I find
She 's altered like the season;
She liked me once, but changed her mind,
And cuts me without reason.

Unluckily she 's got my heart,
But that I 'll soon recover;
Which will not, underneath the smart,
Be soon again a rover.

Now to discern her faults I 'm free,
But here who ever knew much?
Her only fault 's not liking me,
And *mine*—I like her too much.

HER MAIDEN NAME.

"What's in a Name?"
ROMEO AND JULIET, *Act* ii. *Scene* 2.

An hour, one little hour ago,
Her maiden name she bore;
And with a sadness meant for show
She wrote, and gave it o'er.
But that's a sigh! and from the heart
It seems as tho' it came—
As some one speaking makes her start
To hear her maiden name.

And why? Her *present* state with doubt
As much as hope is rife—
The *past* is certain and points out
The moonlit road of life;
Where shadows only soften still
The brightness of the way,
And where the morn, smile how it will,
Will never smile so gay.

E'en midst the smiles, the tears of some
The name that strange seemed grown,
Within the portal of her home
She fancies still her own:
Oft in her dreams she 'll hear it too,
And not surprised reply,
But find imagination grew
From wakeful memory.

And so, perhaps, in after years,
That name, tho' half forgot,
Shall bring back almost childhood's tears,
For thoughts that else were not.
It seems a magic power to spread
Before her at a glance
The picture, now with rapture read,
Of all her youth's romance.

A parent, or some dear old friend,
Who the *new name* ne'er heard;
Some fair young playmate whose sad end
Her girlish griefs had stirred,—
These shall come back, and many a scene
Before that marriage vow,
And "dancing days," and "sweet eighteen,"
And lovers—not so now!

Some she beholds death soon may smite,
Soon may remain, at most,
Few who remember, or who might,
The name she lately lost.
And with that loss an undefined
And gloomy feeling grows,
Such as may chill the happiest mind,
And start it from repose.

Alas! of such few flowers as fall
Along the path we tread,
The sweetest seem among them all
Those soonest found, and dead!
For those she culled while yet 't was May,
Oh! deem her not to blame,
If with a sigh she turned away,
To hear her maiden name!

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

THE leaves that autumn strews around
Are emblems of a fall more dear;
And winter's snow that chills the ground,
Shall find a gloomier winter here!

This is the day that, far from sight
Of all who loved and all who sighed,
She must be taken, leaving light
In the cold silent grave to hide.

The eye, the hand, the heart are still—
That eye, whose glance was magic's power—
That hand, at whose touch hands would thrill—
That heart, the sweetness of the flower!

And can it be? Can Death's fell stroke
Anticipate the stroke of Time?
The silver link at once be broke
E'er worn and chafed in earthly clime?

How lately was she absent never,
Where joy's all-varying form was known!
And has she left us now for ever,
To trace our former path alone?

'T is like the mid-day sun, when clouds
Swift and sad messengers appear;
And darkness suddenly enshrouds
The heaven that seemed so bright and fair.

The sun shines forth again to-day,
If not to-day, to-morrow shines:
But for thy loss, the kind, the gay,
Still, still, the aching heart repines.

O lost to earth, and earthly ties!
Than whom they none more fondly drew;
If aught of comfort can arise,
'T is that none less earth's sorrows knew.

We may know age, and pain, and care,
While calm thy rest among the dead;
And oft may wipe away the tear,
Thou never didst, and ne'er wilt shed!

When old and grey, if such we grow,
And glancing backward on the past,
How strange 't will seem to view thee so,
In youth's fair freshness as thou wast!

No thought of thee can ever come,
Save hallowing thoughts of peace and love;
They follow thee beyond the tomb,
And hail thy smile in realms above!

ON THE IVY.

Ivy! that on the monastery wall,
Seem'st full of life, to speak but of the dead;
How many a race since first thy leaves were shed
Have wandered here in cowl, and cloak, and shawl!
And yet this is no place for you at all!
Perchance thou mourn'st the glories of old days:
But sure the shades of friars blithe and jolly
Love not a monument so melancholy;
And to ourselves thou 'rt still more out of place.
Gaily we walk beneath the arches' frown,
Where thy long shoots extend from earth to air;
But coldly on the gazer look'st thou down,
And sounds of laughter echo sadly there!
Julia declares the Ivy picturesque,
And this I venture—all 't is mine to say—
Ivy do thou the compliment repay:

Remain no longer conjuring up the past,
Since sorrow's emblem now appears burlesque—
Live to record what thou hast seen to-day,
The charms of her who looked upon thee last.
Then be thy character of grief forgot,
And be transformed to myrtle on the spot!

TO A LADY ON HER PICTURE.

How can the limner's skill that form define?
How that sweet smile express? or in what dyes
That cheek's warm blushes with its snow can join?
Or paint the azure of those speaking eyes?

How can the attempted grace by art displayed
To nature's fairest pattern e'er be true?
How can the *soul* on canvas be pourtrayed?
How can your picture ever equal you?

No more this page can my one thought contain,
Tho' admiration it may well declare;
For search my heart and find that *there* you reign,
And more, much more, than admiration there!

ON THE NEW YEAR.

'T is the new year! the last hath scarcely flown,
Its joys are vanished, and its troubles past!
For ever gone, the shortest year e'er known—
The *too long* year, it may be, ends at last!
But see, as if to turn such thoughts as these,
How lovely is the first of the new year—
Full of tranquillity and breathing peace,
So sweet, so silent, to the eye and ear!

The moon and stars seem on this world beneath
To gaze intently from the clear blue sky.
And earth is hushed, not with the sleep of death,
But that of calm and guileless infancy!
The breeze is stilled, the hoar-frost lightly spread
Lends a more silvery aspect to the plain—
On Nature's face rejoicing may be read,
As if she held in Paradise her reign!

And hopes as bright as Heaven will fill the mind,
Which like that brightness clouds may soon obscure;
Love, if we love, is something more refined,
And almost, tho' a human passion, pure.
The heart's best feelings unalloyed arise,
And, with reflexion softened by the scene,
We look where happiness in future lies,
And scarce regret the pleasures that have been!

E'en for the moment care shall seem at rest,
Sorrow less harsh in aspect shall appear—
So beauty's smile can ease the troubled breast,
And friendship's aid the mournful heart can cheer!
The influences of the hour supreme
Pervade our retrospect of good or ill—
The year is o'er, and should be as a dream
That fades with dawn, tho' 't is remembered still.

THE RETURNING SMILE.

Bright, bright as ever beams thy smile,
And that glad look returns,
Where spreads unknowingly the wile
Each eye and heart discerns.

Why was that glance of fire subdued,
And half those charms withdrawn,
But that their influence renewed
Should over-match their dawn?

So when the sun long clouded breaks
At evening forth in pride,
The storm gone by more welcome makes
The glories he could hide.

And then 't is passing sweet to mark
On earth his glittering lines,
While o'er the distant hills, tho' dark,
Like Hope, the rainbow shines!

THE FAIRER FLOWER.

These flowers, tho' now so lovely to my eye,
If they could hear me praise them would reply,
"No thanks to you, sir, tho' you may be right,
When next you see us you 'll neglect us quite.
Wait but to-night, and then we are afraid
A fairer flower will throw us in the shade!"

LOVE A FLOWER.

THE flower that blooms in pride to-day,
Was yesterday a bud—no more—
And grew so gently we may say
We never noticed it before.

Thus love in embryo remains,
Till, in some unexpected hour,
The bursting bud its freedom gains,
And thus expands—a perfect flower!

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